SATANA
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ADULTS ONLY
ACME
NUMBER EIGHT
THE SMILING WITCH
A NURSE'S HIDE-OUT

# SATANA

**Issue No. 8** **Summer, 1965**

## CONTENTS


EPISTLES TO INFERNO ..... 4
WOLVERINE IN LEATHER / Pat Cade / pictorial ..... 8
EXUBERANT, EXUBERANT, EXUBERANT! / Muriel Uden 12
TRUCK DRIVER'S PARADISE / Jim Hartley / fiction ..... 14
THE STRIPPER AND THE JAGUAR / Marie Provost / pictorial ..... 17
MORE EXUBERANCE! / Bernice Smith / pictorial ..... 23
RENDEZVOUS OF LOVE / Beverly Newland / pictorial ..... 27
A NURSE'S HIDE-OUT / Dee Barton / pictorial ..... 33
MORE EXUBERANCE? / Susie Shaw / pictorial ..... 41
FORBIDDEN TEMPTATION / Harold Doktor / psycho-essay .. 44
MONA MITCHELL . . . A 'SATANA' ROOKIE / pictorial ..... 52
EROTIC CONFESSION / Lee Jaynes / pictorial ..... 58
THE SMILING WITCH / Mary Sinclair / pictorial ..... 61


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# Pssst! . . .

. . . Yes, you! I have many surprises, to satisfy your discriminating taste, inside this New exciting issue of 'SATANA'. Look for me, Beverly Newland, in 'Rendezvous of Love' . . . and don't miss "Exuberant, Exuberant, Exuberant!" Muriel Uden; also, Pat Cade, our cover girl for this month, in 'Wolverine in Leather' and many, many more devilish beauties.

# Epistles to Inferno

***Address all correspondence to:***
***"SATANA," Dept. L***
***'LEG SHOW'***
***Health Knowledge, Inc.***
***119 Fifth Avenue***
***New York, N. Y.***

## . . . WEARING EXOTIC ATTIRE.

Dear Editor:

I always enjoy your 'Epistles to Inferno' very much. Particularly because I entirely agree with the people who tell you that black hose is much more attractive. I myself have found out that wearing exotic attire captures the men.

Approvingly yours,
*Miss E. W.*
*Miami, Fla.*

*P.S.: You may publish my picture, if you wish to.*

## . . . GOT THE MESSAGE!

Dear Editor:

My husband is a constant reader — and worshiper — of your magazines. Not long ago, I curiously went through some of the past issues he's collected, and I think I really got the message.

My man is very shy and I am sure that's why he never told me about his tastes. After carefully studying your 'Satanas', I decided to do something about my own seductiveness.

I'm enclosing a photo which shows me in my new black hose. When my hubby saw me in it the first time, he almost went insane. He says he just adores my new devilish image.

Do you think I've done justice to your magazine? And thanks a lot for your great lesson.

Your grateful disciple,
*Mrs. J. G.*
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

*Ed.— You look just great! . . . You are more than welcome.*

*Miss E. W. . . . black hose is much more attractive.*

*Mrs. J. G. . . . her new devilish image.*

. . . A CONVENIENT COINCIDENCE.

Dear 'Satan':

My boy friend likes me to look as 'evil' as possible when we go out together in public.

This is a convenient coincidence. And I say 'coincidence' because, if he didn't enjoy my 'devilish' looks, he'd be in trouble . . . I wouldn't change anyway!

Satanically yours,

*C. V.*

*Los Angeles, Calif.*

*Ed.— Congratulations Miss V.! You have done a 'convenient' great job.*

*Miss C. V. . . . if he didn't enjoy my devilish looks . . .*

. . . STILL PACKS A LOT OF THAT!

Dear Selbee:

Here are some photos of my wife Connie; she's a forty-year-old grandma.

I think she still packs a lot of sex appeal. Maybe some of your readers would be interested in looking at something, besides your young models. Also, maybe it will inspire other fellows to send in pictures of their wives. Would be real pleased if you printed these in your next issue of 'SATANA'.

Sincerely,

*R. R.*

*McKinlyville, Calif.*

*Ed.— She sure still packs a lot of that. Congratulations to you, Mr. R.*

*Mrs. R. R.*
*. . . she stills packs a lot of sex appeal.*

. . HI-HEEL AND EYEGLASSES LOVER.

Dear Sirs:

I think your magazines are the finest published. However, I feel that they could be improved to some extent. Some of the girls in your books are shown without shoes, or some just are wearing regular height heels. I feel that we, lovers of high-heels, could find girls wearing this type of

shoe in just any magazine. So, when we buy yours, we expect the skyscraper heels; as high as possible. The higher the better . . . even with platform soles.

In 'SATANA' No. 6, Lisa Reed is wearing eyeglasses. I think eyeglasses add to any woman's appearance. I would like to see two or three girls in each magazine you publish *(I buy them all)* wearing eyeglasses.

I think Britisher Doreen is wonderful. Let's have more pictures of her. She could look wonderful in eyeglasses.

Hi-heel and eyeglasses lover,
*H. J. C.*
*Kingwood, W. Va.*

P.S.: Black nylons are wonderful also.

P.P.S.: Publish this, please. See if there are not others who feel the same as I.

*Ed.— Sorry we don't have any pictures of Doreen wearing eyeglasses. However, to please you — and Mr. G. S. —, we include two shots of that lovely Britisher; and, for your particular pleasure, beautiful Miriam Fairfax wearing eyeglasses.*

*Beautiful Miriam Fairfax . . . wearing eyeglasses.*

. . . A REAL WOWER.

Dear Editor:

I have enjoyed all of your magazines for quite some time, as I am an avid enthusiast of high-heels and good looking legs, properly displayed.

Some time ago, my girl friend got a hold of my copy of 'SATANA' (Vol. 1—No. 6), and I was anxious to see just what her reaction would be, as she has always dressed very conservatively; much to my annoyance. At first, she was amused; but she read it from cover to cover, and then looked over some back issues of 'HIGH-HEELS' and 'LEG SHOW'. She finally came to the conclusion that there were some really good looking gals displayed. When she came to the cover picture of Lisa Reed, she really flipped and decided that that was for her.

The next week, she had her brown hair — I always said that it was mousey — dyed a terrific shade of platinum bonde, done in a huge beehive hairdo, and learned some eye make-up tricks.

The next time we went out on a date, she had become a real wower! She had on five-inch-heels, jet-black nylons with a seam, and a satin lastex stretch dress that she bought from an ad in your magazine.

Now she wouldn't dream of walking out of the house without black nylons, high-heels and some kind of outfit to really show off her legs and figure.

We both love to look through your magazine, to get new ideas for costumes and poses for her, as I'm taking a lot of pictures of her; some of which I'll send in soon.

Two of our favorites that we'd like to see more of are Doreen, the British gal, and Laura Vickers, who is a blonde now, we hear. Keep the magazine coming, as you've got two steady customers here!

Sincerely,
*G. S.*
*Washington, D. C.*

*Ed.— We regret not having a picture of Laura Vickers as a blonde but here's Doreen to please your eyes.*

*Lovely Britisher Doreen . . to please H. J. C. and G. S.*

. . . CAREFREE,
HAPPY-GO-LUCKY GIRLS.

Dear Editor:

I think your magazine 'SATANA' is wonderful, and it is about time we get some magazines a little different from the rest of them.

I speak not only for myself, but for countless other career women, and we simply have to dress in styles which appeal to the senses of the male species, with whom we are in daily contact.

I have also found your magazine to be educational and enlightening, and I am sure you would perform an important service to your female readers if you would devote a bigger portion of the magazine to articles with helpful hints on how we should dress to look enticing to men; and, also, delve into how our attire and accessories affect a man, as well as different approaches and smart ways for the domineering lady to seduce a man into becoming her willing and obedient slave.

I have been unusually successful with my own ideas and experiments, but it is nice to hear others' opinions and experiences. It is the only way to improve yourself; and I am always open for new ideas.

I have always derived a kick from enticing a man away from another woman, not only behind her back — which is lots of fun among close friends and neighbors — but I also enjoy delight in challenging another woman, especially those prudish, arrogant girls who take their husbands for granted and think he has not eyes for any other girls but them.

One of the surest ways to make a man forget about his wife, and get him interested in a little strange excitement for his next night off, is by wearing a tight fitting black dress, as short as they come, a pair of sheer black stockings and sparkling black patent leather pumps with extremely high spike heels. And, perhaps, a little silver chain anklet.

My girl friend and I find most men approve of such attire, judging by the many admiring glances we get; and if we do see something of interest, which appeals to us, then it is quite easy to let the poor male specimen know, in the way of an inquiring provocative eye expression, that we are reading his message. Then we do a little bit more apparently innocent foot and leg modeling for his benefit.

We are well acquainted with what our dainty high-heeled footwear can do to a man's senses, and how our shiny black fine soft leather accessories can give a man ideas in his head.

My girl friend and I thought the little picture of the subjugated male (Institute for Sex — Vienna) was cute. We pasted it on our scrap book and would like to see more pictures of a similar nature in your magazine.

We think a man's proper place is under the heels of a smart, severe woman.

Mr. Editor, we are just carefree, happy-go-lucky girls taking our fun where we find it. We are very popular at parties and usually have more invitations than we know what to do with.

Respectfully yours,
*Shirley and Hilda.*
*Willowdale, Ont.*

# "WOLVERINE IN LEATHER"

## Pat Cade

"'Wolverine' . . . a cunning carnivore," says Webster. Pat Cade, a New Yorker, is known by the public as a model and dancer. Nevertheless, you will discover – just as we did — that Pat, regardless of profession, is an exquisite human wolverine at heart.

This collection of photographs will make you wish you were a victim of irresistible Pat.

***. . . her diabolic ability***
***to slowly, seductively***
***undress before your very eyes.***

*. . . devoured by this satanic wolverine. Trapped, bewitched . . . consumed!*

*. . . a drink? . . . I sure need one.*

# *EXUBERANT. EXUBERANT. EXUBERANT!*

## Muriel Uden

***Exuberance is the perfect noun for Muriel Uden. Her London-born presence demands our exclamation. Exuberant she is. The effect? . . . exuberance of our imagination!***

# TRUCK DRIVER'S PARADISE

by Jim Hartley

Zooming down the highway, he held firmly to the wheel of his truck. Night had begun. The lights of his truck hit hard on the road, leading the way.

He had been driving the St. Louis-Chicago route for several years. Now he was given the Chicago-Philadelphia route; long stretches of straight road with sudden curves, hills and unexpected turns. "Just like a woman," Al thought, as he drove on, tight to the wheel, confident of his ability. "Just like a woman." He passed his tongue over his lips.

He had been driving for 5 hours, and now night had surrounded the countryside. His back ached every once in a while. He'd square his shoulders to relieve the pain . . . and it felt pleasing, wonderful, when he'd tighten his muscles extra firmly, and then release them. "Ah," he groaned with pleasure, "just like a woman."

His leather jacket, which gave off a well-seasoned smell, would squeak everytime he'd move his arm to relieve the tension.

He wriggled his toes in his thick leather boots. He whistled to keep himself wide awake. Watching the bright truck-light

on the road in front of him could make him drowsy at times . . . Sometimes he'd think of Emmy, his woman back in Chicago . . . and that would pull him up to a wide-awake mood. "Emmy," he sighed.

It was as if he could see that beautiful form . . . Emmy . . . in front of him. There she was; that round of hips, the long legs encased in sheer stockings . . . and when Emmy walked, every strong and delicate muscle in her legs would ripple, and give a better shape to her whole form . . . a woman in motion . . . Emmy always let Al unloosen her garters.

Al's mind was on Emmy now. Here he was, driving this diesel into the night, heading for "Philly," and Emmy walked all the way to Philly with him.

Al laughed at the thought, because he was alone, and yet Emmy was with him. "She likes my jacket," he thought. He put his one hand on his arm, caressing the firm leather. "Ah," he said, sticking his nose into the elbow

Emmy, Emmy . . . and it was as if her name came from the rubber wheels racing along the highway

Emmy with those arched eyebrows. Her eyelids, half closed. Emmy - there in the lights — thought Al Her full, red-ripe lips creased in a cunning smile, taunting him.

"Emmy," Al said aloud. He thought of the time she kept her high heels on. He loved that feel of her heels pressing into him. "My woman," he whispered. He thought of the times whe he'd kiss her garters to prove he loved Emmy.

He knew Emmy loved him because Al was all man; strong, with black hairs on his body that felt like a fur rug to Emmy. Even now, as he raced down the highway, heating time to get to Philly, he felt Emmy nestle into his masculine armpits. She'd breath deep then, and sigh and purr like a kitten.

"My little kitten," he said to himself.

He was coming into a town now. He began looking for a diner . . . a trucker's diner. He slowed his diesel . . . "Whooaa," he said, "whoa there Bessie." He handled the truck like a horse; gently, yet with a whip hand, letting the wheels know who was boss.

He got outside of the little town, and soon came upon a big neon sign, TRUCKER'S DINER.

"That's for me," he said. His stomach growled.

He pulled up to the parking area, made everything secure in the truck, and took off his leather gloves, flinging them under his arm, deep into the pit.

He pushed open the door of the diner. All the smell of food hit his nostrils, and made him more hungry.

Several other truckers were digging into plates of stew, steaks, eggs. All the truckers nodded to him. He didn't know any of them, but they were all of the same fraternity, mighty men of the road.

He looked around, saw a many-colored juke box, counters, booths and . . . and . . .

His eyes popped.

He saw the waitress. She was bending over the counter, trying to get a fork from the other side. He saw her rounded bottom, and her nylons. He saw the upper flesh of her thigh, and where the garters held the nylons. His heart pounded.

He got himself calmed down. He sat at a booth, still looking at the waitress, who had now straightened herself. She undulated her way over to another booth, plunked down the fork, said something to the other truckers, which Al couldn't hear. They laughed. The waitress's bosoms heaved up and down as she laughed; rich, strong, and very feminine.

She walked — no! that was no walk! — she glided, with rolling hips, over to Al; still laughing, her bosoms still rolling. Her face was soft-looking, but was always gloriously, tauntingly, in motion, as if a motor were constantly moving it.

"Hi, fella," she said. Her voice was like a caress. She had little fur-earrings clinging close to her lobes.

"Hi," Al gulped.

"What'll you have?" she asked. She was all invitational in tone.

"What'dya got?" Al asked.

The waitress heaved a hearty laugh once more and slapped Al's arm. "Mmm," she purred, feeling the firm leather of his jacket, "mmmmm."

She reeled off a whole menu. But what she said didn't sound like food. Al's head was spinning; his ears were ringing with delight.

"First, I'll have some eggs, coffee, toast; then I'll order some more."

"Okay," said the waitress. She yelled the order out to the cook. She walked over the fork tray, took out fork, knife and spoon. Got a cup. Filled it with coffee. She did this all with rounded grace. She bent over to pick up a fork that had dropped.

Al watched her. He couldn't keep his eyes off the girl.

She didn't bend straight down. She went sideways first. Her torso made an exciting curve. Full, rounded bosoms, and Al could see the shape of them through her tight umiform. Her legs showed firm thighs; delicate, but strong. On her lovely feet were black patent leather shoes with high heels that gave her legs more grace than ever dreamt possible. The spike of each heel had a contour all their own, and yet the height and shape of these

*(Cont'd. on page 64)*

# THE STRIPPER AND THE JAGUAR.

Marie Provost

Marie Provost is the stripper; the Jaguar is the latest model of that magnificent sports-car of British manufacture. The girl in the military cap is Anna, Marie's chauffeur; the place is . . . anywhere, outdoors.

Anna is lustfully beautiful herself. In a future issue of 'SATANA' you'll be able to admire her in a satanic series of breath-taking pictures.

Marie, as you can easily appreciate, is a very capricious gal. The morning these photographs were taken, she 'just felt like going out to the country and getting excitingly undressed'. . . . How's that for a caprice?

And so she did . . . for your pleasure and ours!

# *MORE EXUBERANCE!...*

**Bernice Smith**

*It seems to us that London is stubbornly trying to impose the idea that British dolls are splendidly developed in their upper structure. In fact, we are finding ourselves forced to yield and admit that London is right ... bloody right!*
*Exuberant Bernice Smith proves it again and gives us . . . more exuberance of imagination!*

**Bernice Smith**

**Bernice Smith**

## *Beverly Newland's*

# *Rendezvous Of Love.*

*Living in a Los Angeles suburb can be quite unsatisfactory; particularly for a girl who has succeeded as a model in show business and has had long and profitable contracts, which kept her in Las Vegas for just about long enough.*

*It's ten o'clock in the morning; still early for a show-girl to get up. This morning, however, Beverly Newland is morning, however, Beverly Newland is getting up early. She's going to the beech to meet someone. A very especial someone . . . Could that be you?*

*. . . "I'm still sleepy. A little tired . . . Too bad I didn't ask him to come up here; I wouldn't have had to get up. We . . . I could have stayed in bed . . ."*

. . . "Oh, well; after all, I do want to go to the beach . . . We're going to have a wonderful time. I know it . . ."

*. . . "The sun is getting hot. It's strange he hasn't . . ."*

*. . . "there he comes! . . . Oh, no, it's somebody else . . "*

*smooth warm sand. What an exquisite feeling!* *wish he were here.* *I wouldn't move.* *I'd just close my eyes*

*here, here, here!* *I'm lonesome*

*"Maybe he'll like this bikini better than the black one."*

*"Oh, for Pete's sake,* *hurry up!"*

. . . "*Who says a nightgown is not appropriate for the beach? . . .*"

". . . *I'll just lie here and anxiously wait, wait . . . wait for him to come . . .*"

# A NURSE'S HIDE-OUT.

**Dee Barton**

**Dee Barton**

After a long day of abnegated and tiresome work, Dee Barton is truly anxious to get away from that huge and sometimes frustrating hospital, and go to what she calls her 'hide-out': home.

At home, Dee forgets her role as a tender, delicate and almost motherly nurse, and becomes her true self again. At home she can freely move and act, and in many ways please her warm and desiring temper. All of this is a paradox, if you consider that Dee's passion drive reaches such heights that some of her friends assure it's almost *satanic*.

As soon as Dee enters home, everything changes within her. Free as she feels, Dee starts by slowly taking off her white uniform — symbol of her profession — and deliciously changing her image, by getting her warm and lustful body into soft and exciting black hose — symbol of her diabolical nature —.

These photographs prove it. You will surely enjoy the transmutation of personality undergone by Dee. From a sweet looking nurse, all in-white, to an irresistible vampirish-looking creature of satan, all-in-black.

Always tempting, seductive, sensual, Dee will captivate you. Her high-heels contribute to the natural attraction of her stunning legs and hips. Her undies and garter will make you shiver. Her open blouse will let you contemplate a pair of proud and inviting breasts . . . and you'll be absorbed by this sequence of tormenting scenes.

**Dee Barton**

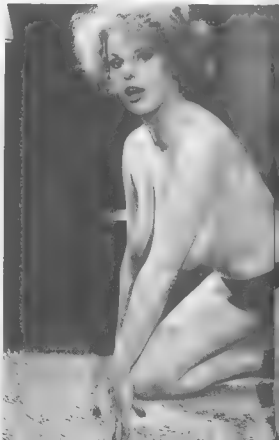
## Susie Shaw

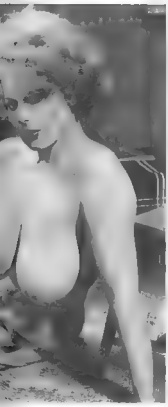
# . . . MORE EXUBERANCE?

*This is getting simply ridiculous. Lusciously ridiculous. Another exuberant girl; another subject of Great Britain.*

*This time it's Susie Shaw. No further comments. (Oh, one more thing, as a piece of information: Susie lives in London. Why don't you contact BOAC.?)*

**Susie Shaw**





# FORBIDDEN TEMPTATION;

## A psychological consideration of seduction.

**by Harold Doktor**

*(Footnotes will be found at the end of the article for your interest and further study).*

Witchcraft, in small or large degrees, is a part of every female. They spend a lifetime finding ways to reveal their precious secret without letting the satisfied male population in on their magic.

From earliest time, the proud activity of the female in attracting the male has been denounced, frowned upon, and denied. At various times in history, the more attractive females had been accused of supernatural powers and were burned to death - for no other reason than being sexually appealing.

Buried deep within every female, is the magic that casts a spell, charms, beguiles and ravages the male in all sorts of ways and means.

In this article, I would like to review several aspects of love, seduction and sexuality. I would like to relate an unusual interview I had with a witch, and the rather strange outcome of the meeting.

I ask three questions: what is love? what is seduction? and what is sexuality? Then, I shall verify some of the answers with my meeting a real witch.

### WHAT IS LOVE?

Many of you will disagree with my definition of love. Let me say that what I might consider here about love is not the final word on the subject. Each of us must find a personal definition from individual experiences.

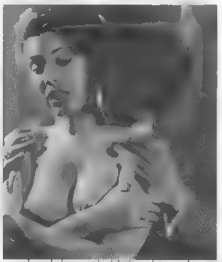
I ask you, then, to keep in mind that I am merely sharing some thoughts on the subject with you. If, from this sharing, you can better arrive at your own definition of love (or seduction, or the ultimate power of sexuality) I shall have served the purpose in this report.

Today we hear and read so much about 'the art of love' and 'love without fear' Why should there be so much talk about the 'art of' or the 'fear of'?

Is love a thing that requires art? When we use the word art, we also imply 'something made beautiful'. We call the paintings of Rembrandt beautiful, no matter how ugly the subject matter might be. Is love to be treated in the same manner that an artist treats paint? A dash of red, a daub of blue, a blob of green; and presto, the painter has a portrait of a woman. We call it beautiful art, no matter how devilish the woman may look. Sometimes, the more devilish the look, the more we accept it as beautiful.

Psychologically, we have little control over what we consider beautiful; that is, our animal spirit and the lesser emotional pattern in us comes into play first, before any other impulse. Then we become intellectual about this 'art of'. I am sure that it has happened to you that, once you have intellectualized over a beautiful object, that object no longer

*. . . the painter has a portrait of a woman. We call it beautiful art . . .*



*. . . the ability to hold it (at just close to us: the woman, the man, the tangible*

*. . . the intimate moments in life.*

*. . tempting innocent Adam with a red apple . .*

*. . . her eyes become larger, her mouth fuller, making the lips more kissable.*

was beautiful for you.

Love, too, is an 'object' that we plunge into with our impulses. In the same way; if our intellect is put to work on love, the passion for the object vanishes.

We live in a great civilization. Cities abound in culture. We are attracted to beauty. The music of Brahms arouses great feelings within us; the paintings of the masters please our eyes with splendid visions. We do not love these things. It is impossible to love the intangibleness of these things.

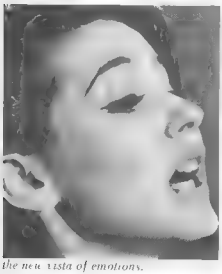
Love requires the ability to hold the object close to us; the woman, the man, the tangible. Love is a stimulus much like an electric shock. We are aroused by it, and are urged on by that stimulation.

Love is the lasting joy within each of us that causes us to share the intimate moments in life. Love is eternal, and makes the world go round. It keeps us whole, and offers the greatest satisfaction. The ability to love is the prime factor in making the basic structure of personality.

Why should we fear love? On the contrary, we should welcome it.

Love is the belt that keeps the animal and the spirit in the human being friendly. It makes it possible for that animal within each of us to rest easily along side the spirit.

Every human being has a natural urge to love. From infants on, this search is part of our life; the fondling of the mother's



*the new vista of emotions.*

*. . . the soft look . . . slowly opening her red mouth, as if beggging him.*

breast and knowing the warmth of that love.[1] The heart bounds with joy as a teenager, discovering the new vista of emotions. The doorway of maturity presents the animal within the human being whipping about, the blood racing through the veins, heat rising in the body; all for the reaching out for that which is love. The spirit within the body holds back and tempers the impulse. The animal battles with the spirit, and from their organic battle both, spirit and animal, in the human psyche, find their balance in love.

## WHAT IS SEDUCTION?

Now we consider the more animal aspects of 'forbidden temptation'.

Seduction is a lively activity; Delilah casting her spell over Samson; Salome dancing with her veils; Cleopatra bedevilling the great Mark Anthony.

Think of the charm the first female put on the first male; Eve in her garden tempting innocent Adam with a red apple.

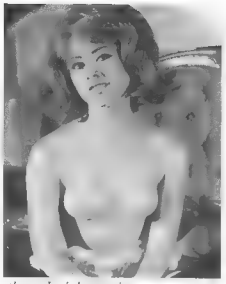
Seduction is a female prerogative.[2] The male is thrilled to be charmed into the arms of his object of love.

Seduction is the soft look in a female's eyes that slowly widen into an exotic and fiery spell. She taunts the male, slowly opening her red mouth, as if begging him. The truth of the matter is the female is commanding him, leading him forward.

How does a female accomplish this act of seduction?

That particle of witchcraft within her gives her the natural instinct to present herself most appealingly to the male. She performs her rite in many ways.

First, she arranges her hair in such a manner that the male feels a need to touch it, run his hands through it, and even to tug at it. While he may receive a generous pleasure from his virile action, the female receives a

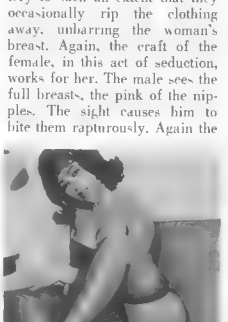


*the pink of the nipples.*

greater excitement, incomprehensible to the male. Her eyes become larger, her mouth fuller, making the lips more kissable.[3]

Second, the female, in her art and craft, clothes herself in a gossamer aura of mystery. This mystery drives the male to a point of curiosity, to discover what is concealed beneath her clothes.

Men are aroused by this mystery to such an extent that they occasionally rip the clothing away, unbarring the woman's breast. Again, the craft of the female, in this act of seduction, works for her. The male sees the full breasts, the pink of the nipples. The sight causes him to bite them rapturously. Again the



*. . . she allows a small amount of flesh on her thighs to show.*

female receives the greater thrill, for now her whole body has been set in motion for the completion of her rite.

She encases her legs in sheer hosiery that conform to the very outline of her limbs. She allows a small amount of flesh on her thighs to show. She attaches the garters to the hosiery by means of a small garter belt that reveals some of her abdomen. She completes her craft of dressing by setting off her feet with high-heeled shoes.[4]

The female has the full instinct to walk around a bit for the male, letting her flesh speak for itself.

The male is unable to resist this spell. He must touch. With every touch of the male on her body, the female secretly laughs with happiness. The male unfastens the garters after he has filled his senses with the sight and touch. His hands, as though working by magic beyond his control, reach for the shoes. He lingers with the shoes. Slowly, he removes them, and slowly rolls the hosiery off the female's legs.

Lastly, the female performs the most Satanic rite in this act of witchcraft. She has had all her outward objects of seduction taken away from her, leaving her naked body to be taken in by the male's eyes. The female keeps the deepest secret of her craft still locked within her. The male realizes that he has not fully discovered the mystery. He rushes towards the tempting power.

## WHAT IS SEXUALITY?

"Culture must have nature."[5]

Previously, I stated that the human being is a combination of animal and spirit. These two elements must become compatible factors in forming the structure of the personality of the human being.

Too often the human being suppresses and represses either the animal or the spirit. That

suppression causes an imbalance in the character of the human being.[6]

The human body has its natural functions, whether daily or occasional. The mechanism of the body requires the person to follow the natural functions of those organs. The heart beats; the stomach growls when it is not fed; the brain receives impulses for thought and action; the intestines work towards the process of elimination; the sexual organs are constantly replenishing their fluids, etc.

If the body-mechanism is prevented from performing any of these operations, the mechanism becomes unhealthy. The duty of the human being, therefore, is to act in accordance with the mechanical needs of the body. How does the human body complete itself in fulfilling the chain reaction of these various natural organs?

Earlier, I talked about love. Love is a natural compulsion of the human being; to love the object of choice. From there, I reviewed certain actions of consideration; the female instinct that sets the male body in motion for the satisfaction of his love-impulses, aiding the human body in its tendencies to find physical release.

Now, we share some thoughts concerning sexuality.

Sexuality is the natural function of the animal within the human body; the libido, the drive to satisfy the physical functions.

The female and the male are physically constructed with a compatible difference. Nature has taken care to see that each gender has the most ease in finding release of the physical drives in the body-mechanism.

Along with these natural formations of the organs, nature has also placed within each human being an animal drive so that these organs prepare themselves for that physical function.

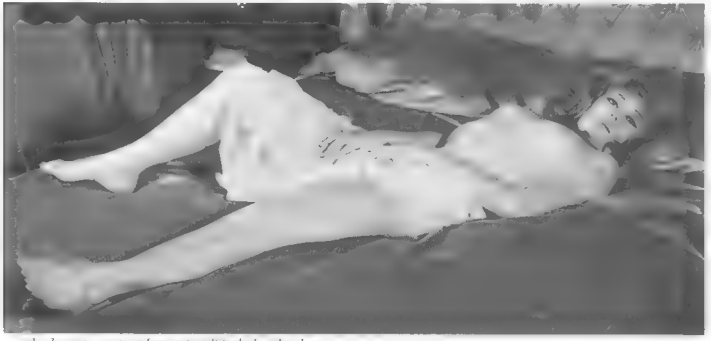
Sexuality is both the appeal to want to give the body its animal-satisfaction, and it also is the power to complete the action.

The female, in her act of seduction, casting her spell over the male by preparing herself in the most tantalizing manner, vibrates with the need. She is well-aware that her shapely legs hidden in gossamer of hosiery; and her feet, clad in exotic high-heels, will arouse the male. She allows some of her flesh to show. She puts a fire in her eyes, making her both evil and beautiful. The male is attracted.

The male has removed the clothing from her body. Sometimes, he does not remove all of the 'veils'. Sometimes, he leaves the stockings on, for when his bare flesh touches them, his nerves are stimulated heatedly.

We often forget that the body is a network of nerves that stimulate us in many way. Eyesight is a neural response. What we see is received by us through neural impulses. We hear sounds that either hurt or please us; the screech of automobile brakes, or the sounds of a song, or the low whisper of a woman saying, 'I love you.' We smell food and, from that response, we either like the food or dislike it. The human taste-buds, again, a network of nerves, are connected with the sense of smell. We are repulsed by the odor of decaying food; we are excited by the skin-odors of a female's neck. Our nerves are the greater part of our physical life.

So, too, with the touch of these seductive female hosiery, or the hair, etc.[7]



*. . . the deepest secrets of her craft still locked within her.*

*. . . hidden in a gossamer of hosiery:*
*and her feet, clad in exotic high heels*

Our emotions, the impulses derived from a joining of thought and feeling, have a balance that must be satisfied. When we suppress this satisfaction, we do bodily harm. If we deprive ourselves of the true function of nature, we must be willing to accept an imbalance of function in another part of the body.

The female seduces. Her legs, long and shapely, want to be touched. Her whole body, heated by her craft, becomes a drawing force. Response is made: the kiss, the tongue, the hands that instinctively seek their part in this sexuality.

The body responds to the object; that lurking drive goes to work at its own speed, in its own way.

A certain surrender is needed on the part of both female and male in completing satisfactory sexuality. The bite of the breast is part of it. Even the marks of the female nails on the male back is part of this satisfaction. The male bears the marks of her nails with a pleasure. His animal holds the marks with a pride, much like a Prussion sabre wound.[8]

And so we have the male removing the hosiery, lingering over the high-heels. The female stands naked in her seductiveness.

Next, the two forms find their position of oneness. The hips resting next to one another, sending out neural patterns that set the chain reaction of the bodily function into full working conditions.

Within this union, the object of love is the most important element. A person holds that object close to the body. The mind sends out its message of impulses. The whole moment is given over to release in total surrender.

Each body has its special needs and wants; touches that make the moment comfortable; smells that permeate the nostrils, tastes and

sounds that drive the animal onward.

Sexuality is a most natural response of the human being in completing the mechanism of the organs of the body.

The female, in her wiles, has the instinct to feed the male with curiosity, urging him on, seducing him.

The man loves. He is pulled by the magic of the female craft. He completes the action; he surrenders, and from the union, the male and female, each in their own way and together, find the natural balance to grow in life.

## MEETING A WITCH

I had long wanted to experiment, from a psychological point of view, with this whole concept of witchcraft.

When I say that every female has a touch of witchcraft in her, I have said that in rather loose terms. Witchcraft is an ancient concept. We have all too often thought of it as fairy tales.

It had been brought to my attention that, in this modern day of space travel, there are witches still alive! An interview was arranged for me so that I might examine a real witch.[9]

At the appointed hour, I went, alone, to the house of 'Elizabeth' (I withhold her name, and shall call her by a pseudonym to protect her interests). She greeted me most kindly, and ushered me into her drawing room. The room showed no outward signs of witchcraft or Satanism.

She asked me if I wanted tea. I said that I would. In short time, a maid brought in tea. What was so remarkable is the fact that she had not given any directions to any maid for tea. I strongly suspect she had a buzzer system connected with the kitchen which signalled the maid.

"So, you want to know about witchcraft?" she began. She mentioned the name of the mutual friend who had arranged this interview for me.

"What can I tell you about witchcraft that wouldn't confuse you?" She then paused for a length of time, and seemed to have fallen into a deep thought.

"I'm sorry," she said, suddenly 'awakening', and returning her attention to me. "I had to have a conference with a friend of mine. Now, about witchcraft. Pardon me if I laugh, Mr. Doktor, but I cannot tell you too much about it. After all, we witches do want to keep our secrets to ourselves, don't you know?"

"How do you know you are a witch? Is witchcraft allied with love and sexuality? Are you in collaboration with Satan?" I asked this real witch, in a rush of questions.

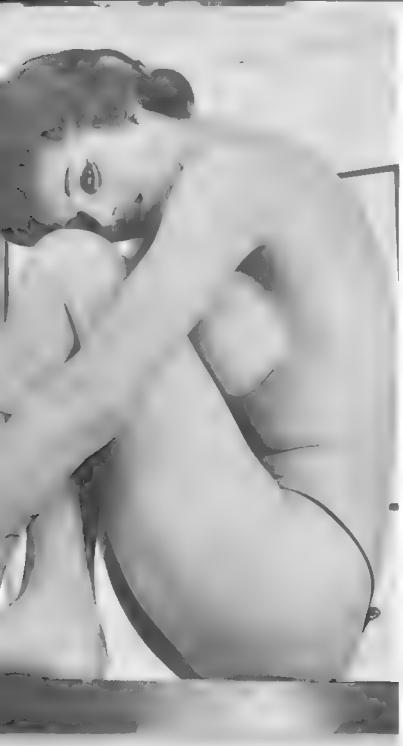
She laughed, held up a hand, and said, "Hold, hold. One question at the time, if you will." Again, she fell into a thought, shaking her head occasionally as if warding off blows.

I noticed her dress and appearance. Her hair was soft, honey colored, but in certain light, it had the odd look of appearing black. I cannot account for that illusion.

Her dress was of a floral print on soft chiffon, not very low cut, and it had a graceful lacing at the throat. The dress fitted tightly about the bosom, which seemed quite ample. I could see the nipples of the breast through the chiffon material. Her legs were what you would call comely, with sheer black stockings; bewitching.

Her shoes were of a fine leather, tied rather than buckled. Leather thongs laced round her toes. The heels were quite high, which gave her a statuesque grace.

*.. sometimes does not remove all of the 'veils'.*



*naked in her seductiveness.*

My impulses had to be held in check, for she was most inclined towards being described as seductive.

"You want to know if witchcraft is allied with love?" she asked. Her voice was husky, and mellow.

She began to move slowly about the room. She turned from me. Her backside gave a lovely picture; a pair of rounded lines set off by her enigmatic walk.

Her walk was slow, deliberate and graceful. She clapped her hands together slowly.

Not till then had I realized the room was lighted by candles. I suspect the hand clasping was a signal to have the draperies automatically closed, and gas-connected candles lighted.

Her hair was definitely black, now.

I recognized immediately her technique in answering my questions; not with words, but by illustration.

"Love?" She spoke the word strangely, searchingly. She turned towards me, and her eyes were two lights of the devil's making.

I found little time to take down notes and comments. I put aside my pad and pencil.

A peculiar odor filled the room; it was not brimstone. It was musky, and filled my nostrils rather pleasantly. At times, I could not see her, for she was walking around me. Her hands rested on my shoulders.

Previously, I discussed the neural responses in bodily function. Her touch was like electricity.

She removed my coat. During this rite, she was talking in a strange tongue. I caught an occasional, understandable word, but for the greater part, all meaning escaped me. I detected certain derivations, though, from the Druidic language.

Sometimes she would give an outcry of delight, for by this time, she had removed my tie, shirt and trousers, leaving me in my undershirt, my undershorts and my socks.

She herself was fully clothed. I did not feel particularly embarrassed by my unclothed state. I was rather confounded, for I was not aware that I was being unclothed.

She slowly undressed. Her frock fell away from her. She was naked, except for small panties, much like the bikini style, her stockings and her thong-tied high heels. Her breasts were bare.

She gathered her breasts into her arms and, with what sounded like a long forgotten ancient outcry, she performed a deed that was most notably a craft of the witch, giving a shrill deep-throated outcry in which such words as 'Pan dead', 'leave hate', and 'Priapis' seemed to play an important part.

She threw her head back so that the neck line became one solid line with her chin and breasts.

She fell back in an arch. As she did this, her bikini-panties slipped slightly; her garters stretched.

She hunched over, allowing her hair to fall onto her face, and slowly looked up at me from this position. She looked at me slowly, starting at the feet, rising up my whole body. She came near to me, hobbling towards me. She removed my undershorts, kneeling as she did.

I was standing in the middle of the room solely in my undershirt and socks. Her hands fell on my naked hips.

Since I was merely in the experimental stage of my work on witchcraft, I did not feel it a necessity to respond to her craft. I accepted her demonstration as a benefit for my report.

Her hand fell on my bare thighs; she had slid her hands in an odd and slow manner down my thighs, towards my knees. I looked down at her and

noticed that her breasts were firm, that the nipples were of a deep red color.

She put her hands beneath my undershirt and rubbed my chest in spasmodic rhythms. All the while she chanted, incanted, gave outcry. Within time, she stood next to me, pressed close to me, and looked at me through half-closed eyes.

Elizabeth was now digging her nails into my armpits. I kept mental note of all these actions, of the places she touched me.

She took hold of my upper arms, and placed them around her. It was at this point, if I remember correctly, that the word, 'Satan is—' was spoken, but I did not understand the remainder of the incantation.

She made motion for me to rub my hands on her back. I followed her instructions, imitating the odd rhythms she had used on my chest. I now sensed that she was naked. She pressed herself strongly against me and, in that position, she arched her upper body away from me. Her hands pointed to the candlelight, as though she were in a trance, exercising some lost spirit.

I have already mentioned the function of seduction in which the female arranges herself in clothes and manner for the male. Elizabeth knew more than the usual manners I have recorded in my reports. She had more than the usual instincts.

It has never been my policy to negate any theories until they have been proved inoperative. In the matter of witchcraft, I have been somewhat doubtful of the reports that there are live witches today, that is to say, people who are in communion with Satan.

I was grateful for the opportunity to meet this real witch. Though I came to the interview with many questions, I noticed that she was unwilling to talk too much about the rites and craft of Satanism. She was a woman of few words, and preferred the demonstrative method.

When I returned to my hotel, I immediately set down as many notes about the interview as possible. The 'sanctuary' of Elizabeth did not provide me with proper atmosphere to take down notes. Time, also, was at a premium during the interview.

I set down my notes. As I had set them down, it occurred to me that I should relate them in terms of love, seduction and sexuality, for it is in this province of life that the wiles of witchcraft seem most allied.

I was reminded of what Shakespeare wrote in his play, *Richard III:* "God, give us leisure for these rites of love." (Act V, sc. iii, line 102.)

I share these thoughts with you. From these thoughts, I arrive at this conclusion:

*There is the life we live, and the life we love. There is the life we want, and the life we need. There is the life we call reality, and there is the life that dwells within each of us. Each, in his own way, finds a living fullness, and a perfect completion.*

*. . the female stands*

*FOOTNOTES*

1 See W. Stekel, *Sexual Aberrations*, Vol II, Grove Press, New York 1952, Pg. 38 to 60

2 Stekel, Wilhelm, *Impotence in the Male*, Vol I, Grove Press, New York 1959, Pp. 50 *et passim*.

3 Lewisohn, Richard, *A History of Sexual Customs*, Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn. See chapter 5 for further historical data.

4 Space does not allow for a complete data on fetishism. Interested readers should refer to Wilhelm Stekel, *Sexual Aberrations*, Vol I, Grove Press, New York, 1953, Chapter 5.

5 Stekel, Wilhelm, *Sadism and Masochism*, Vol. I, Grove Press, New York, 1953, P. 243.

6 See Karl Menninger, *The Vital Balance*, The Viking Press, New York, 1963. Your mother-in-law should include this volume.

7 Cf *Sexual Aberrations*, Vol I, op. cit.

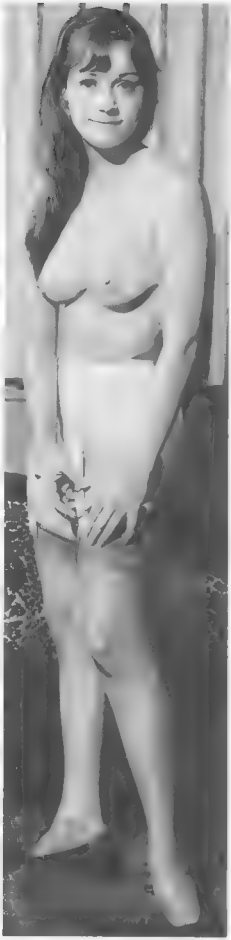
8 Cf *Sexual Aberrations*, Vol II, op. cit.

9 See James Michelet, *Satanism and Witchcraft*, The Citadel Press, New York, 1939.

**MONA MITCHELL . . .**

# A SATANA 'ROOKIE'.!

Mona Mitchell, who decided she wanted to become a professional 'Satana' in our magazine, unhesitantly flew from Las Vegas to New York and dropped by our office. She demanded our attention and insisted that a young, fresh-looking girl could very well appear in the pages of this magazine as a Satana 'rookie'. Mona assured that, after some indoctrination and training, she would be prepared to compete against **any** of our 'big' Satanas.



One of our photographers was handy at the moment and we accepted the challenge. We asked Mona to give us a plastic confirmation of her words, so that we, in turn, could submit it to our unquestionable judge: you, our

reader.

If Mona's ambitions have solid foundations, her potentialities should be apparent in these pages.

You be the judge **What's your verdict?**

# EROTIC CONFESSION

**Lee Jaynes**

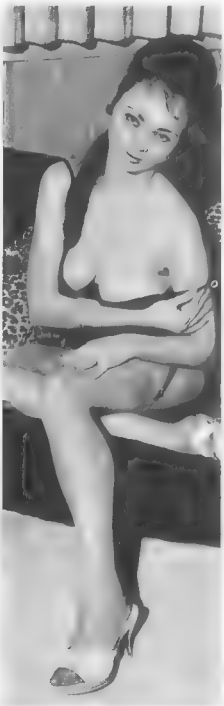
*Almost any night, in a crowded Las Vegas bar, you might very well be waited on by Lee Jaynes.*

Lee's been working there for the past few months, and her story seems somewhat unbelievable. She's a solitary girl. "Dramatically melancholic," she claims.

"I see dozens of men every night" says Lee. "I wait on them and they talk to me, but I seldom really *meet* someone. I don't like their approach; they often get very nasty. I'm a lonely girl." As Lee Jaynes tells us about herself, she's '*getting into something more comfortable*'. The contradiction of the image we're looking at, as against the one Lee's words reflect, is by all means confusing.

"It's tragic to get off work and go straight home all by yourself and terribly alone." Our eyes grow bigger and bigger — and our imagination travels faster than usual — as we listen to her shocking confessions. "Once you're home, what can you do?"; before we get a chance to answer or make a suggestion, pretty Lee continues "you can only enter in a world of make-believe. A fantasy . . . so beautiful as frustrating. Every girl should fulfil, in reality, the magnificent privilege of a male companion.

"I always undress as soon as I get home. I enjoy walking around naked, or semi-naked — I don't take off my stocking —. Then I throw myself at the sofa and listen to exciting music. My only witness is a Dry Martini, as I surrender, in mind and body, to the melancholic world of fantasy with a fascinating man."



**Lee Jaynes**

# THE SMILING WITCH.

**Mary Sinclair**

**Beware of the 'innocence' in Mary Sinclair's smile. Many a man has unconsciously fallen under her spell.**

**Notice how she's always smiling? . . . That's her way!**

**Once you're in with her, she becomes diabolically sensual. Everything in her turns into wild passion, and nothing can stop her now. She's a witch; whatever she wants she gets . . . and, in the long run, you'll gladly take what you are given.**

**Mary Sinclair**

## TRUCK DRIVER'S PARADISE

*(Cont'd. from page 16)*

leather heels added to the total picture of the rounded hips, the curvacious bosoms.

Al's arms already wanted to put themselves around her waist.

The waitress came back to Al, placed the fork, knife, spoon and coffee in front of him. As she did, she had to bend over. The soft fur of her earrings touched his cheek. Her full shape hit across his shoulder.

The waitress gave a slight shudder because his leather jacket had brushed against the bare part of her shoulder. She didn't laugh.

From the back of the diner, the cook yelled that "eggs is ready!"

"Okay, Mac," the waitress called out. But she had a trace of nervousness in her voice. "I'll be back," she murmured softly to Al. "Yeah," he sighed.

Al drank some of the coffee. He looked around the diner. "Nice place," he thought. "Very nice."

The waitress placed the eggs in front of Al.

"Anything else?" she asked.

"Yeah, but let me get this down first."

"Okay," she said. She looked around the diner. All the other truckers had either finished, or had gone back to their trucks.

"Mind if I sit down?" she asked Al.

"No," Al said, and he got like a little kid, all nervous as if it were his first date.

"Where you from?" she asked.

"Well, originally from St. Louis. But now I got the Chicago-Philly route."

"Not such a bad run. Nice guys. Know any of the other truckers?"

"Naw. This is my first time."

Al wolfed down the food.

"You don't have to hurry," the waitress said, "plenty of time."

"Well," Al stammered, "well I gotta get back to the cab for a little shut-eye."

"Yeah," the waitress said, but it sounded more like a whisper. The corner of her mouth went up in a devilish grin. "Yeah."

Al felt something under the table. It was all pleasure. It felt like a high heel pressing into his flesh. "Yee-aa-ah," Al said softly.

Altogether, this moment had promise of being memorable.

"What's your name?" the waitress asked.

"Oh, it's Al."

"Hi, Al; my name's Frieda.

They shook hands. Al felt the dig of nails in his palm.

"Mighty formal all of a sudden; aren't we, big boy?"

"Say how about ordering me a steak."

Frieda got up and yelled to the cook for a steak. "Rare!"

And so, Al got through his dinner in the pleasant company of Frieda. They found out all about their past, high school, dances and — "Steak's ready," the cook yelled, breaking their mood.

Frieda got up from the table. As she did, Al saw every outline; the garter belt, the slim-line corset, and her round hips.

"Well, big boy, rare steak," Frieda said, as she placed the plater in front of Al.

"I'm a growing boy," Al said.

"Frieda threw back her head and laughed. "You sure are."

Al couldn't keep his eyes off Frieda with her beguiling face.

"Al, how 'bout going to a dance with me."

"Now?"

"Yeah, now," she said huskily.

"But I gotta get a little shut-eye. And then on to Philly," Al said.

"Big boy like you don't need much shut-eye. And I can give you a short route to Philly from here." Frieda stood up, and pressed close to Al. She looked square into his eyes; here Al saw the flashing eyes that could not be denied. "How 'bout it?"

Her hands were resting on her hips, caressing them with her long fingers. Her nails were long, red, delicious. Al wished his back were itchy so that she could dig her perfect nails into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his flesh and relieve the itch.

"Okay." Al said.

He finished his steak while Frieda went to get her coat. He paid the cook for his dinner. The cook smiled like a pixy and winked.

Frieda came back, wrapped in a black, shiny leather coat with a large collar that set off her creamy white skin; her head framed in a swirling mass of black hair, and her fur-earrings. She tugged at the belt and tied it securely. She sided up to Al and rested in his armpit. She was just the right height.

"We're off," she said, "in my car."

Al and Frieda climbed into a compact car, and in minutes they were racing down the road. Frieda drove with a sure hand. Al admired her strength, and yet she was still all-woman.

"I like the wheels," she said. "My Pop was a trucker."

Al, while they were still driving, bent close to her, and slowly placed the tip of his nose against her ear. He felt the tingle of the fur of her earrings. He sighed.

They were in town now. They stopped at a quiet side street.

"All out," Frieda announced.

Al could tell she was in a joking mood.

"All out," he repeated.

They scampered up a staircase in an old building. Soon music came from down the corridor. They walked into a huge room with a small combo playing slow music with a hard beat.

The crowd in the room all shouted for joy when Frieda entered the room. Al knew this was the popular girl in town. He knew why. She was curvacious like no other dame around or that he had ever seen - or would ever hope to see again!

Suddenly he caught a good sight of Frieda. It wasn't only her round hips and fully body that made her appealing. She also had round, firm and very red lips — wet and wonderful.

Frieda grabbed Al around the waist and led him to the dance floor. The music beat hard. The lights were soft blue, red — and the crystal ball over head kept turning round and round in changing colors, casting inviting shadows.

They danced slowly, close to one another. They didn't say a word. Hot breath. Heartbeats. Every once in a while, Al would push her slightly away from him, so he could get full view of this tantalizing creature he had wrapped in his arms. Her black eyes pierced him thrillingly. He smiled. She smiled. The dance continued.

An hour passed by. More dancing.

"Getting warm, isn't it?" Frieda said, as they went to the bar for a drink. They stood at the bar, drinking. People would all stop by for friendly greetings with Frieda.

Frieda was in heaven. Al was right along with her.

Then the drummer rolled a big loud bang on the drum.

The master-of-ceremonies said, "And now the big moment we all have been waiting for." The combo dashed into an exotic tune.

Suddenly, Frieda broke away from Al with the grace of a swan. She hadn't as yet taken off her leather coat. She untied the belt, and like some ancient wood nymph, she tossed the leather coat into the air, aiming it right at Al. He caught it, all eye-popping-dizzy with the moment.

The exotic music pounded into the crowd's ear.

Frieda had a tight leather dress on, and 5 inch spike heels with straps that wound all the way up her calf.

She danced alone on the floor. Her whole body came into play. Not a sound was made in the room except the persistent drum beat, and the low wail of the saxophone.

Frieda's hair had slowly fallen in a flurry around her shoulders. Her eyes, dazzlingly black with mascara and enlarged with white line make-up, flashed all through the room. Her eyes burned into Al's eyes. Her mouth was wide.

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wet and red. Her tongue rested on her teeth.

Frieda went into a gigantic paroxysm of movement. Like magic, her dress was flung open, as if the buttons had been ripped off.

She revealed her full body. The lovely tight corset and belt. The sheer hosiery that still showed some of the flesh of her thighs began to glisten. Her bra was a thin line that hid the well-developed part of her body.

She flung her arms up, revealing smooth armpits with a soft coating of hair. The crowd gasped.

She unloosened one garter. Al's heart beat, for he thought of the time Emmy let him unloosen the garter. Emmy couldn't compare, though.

Slowly, the sheer hosiery came off her legs . . . mysteriously . . . for her whole act never revealed the exact moment she would next remove another garment.

Finally, all that remained was a G-string of soft pearl grey leather.

The music got more and more frenzied, quicker and quicker and then — she began to undo the G-string. Just as she got to the catch on the G-string the lights went out. The music stopped.

The next thing Al felt was Frieda rushing into his arms, wrapping herself in her leather coat. "Come on, let's go," she said, her eyes all afire with a beautiful evil flash.

They left the dance hall to loud shouts of approval, applause, and music. The lights revolved once more, casting inviting shadows.

Al and Frieda got back to the diner. Al was breathless.

"Did you like it?" Frieda asked.

"Sure did," he said.

He had his arms around her, feeling the tenderness of her leather coat. They kissed.

"I gotta get a little shut-eye,"

Al said.

"Yeah," Frieda said. "And I gotta get back to the tables."

They parted. Slowly, — each — walked away — from — the — other — very slowly.

Al climbed into the sleeping-cab of his truck, threw a soft, fur-like blanket over himself. He was just dozing off when he heard something. A stirring. A rustling. Hi-jackers?

He held his breath. Suddenly, he felt something warm and mysterious touch him. He felt fur across his cheek and bare shoulder. He felt leather. It was Frieda.

"I couldn't just say good-bye like that, Al. I wanted to thank you for the nice time at the dance."

"Thank *me*?" he said.

"Yes, you," she answered, and laughed. She was close to him. He could feel her body undulating when she laughed. "Yes, you; you dope."

"I don't get it. Why me?"

She touched his chest; hairy, masculine, still covered with the smell of his jacket. He felt her spike heels once more in his flesh, the fur of her earrings on his cheek.

"Without you I couldn't have danced like that. That was the best I'd ever done. I was thinking of your arm around me as we went to the dance, how nicely I fit into your armpit. And that's why I could get on with the dance." Her voice was loud and firm.

"Well," he said, "you sure showed up beautifully."

Her high heels were searching his skin. Her hands touched the hair on his arm.

"You're a growing boy, Al."

Al could feel himself blush. Or was it a blush?

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Well, I'm 29."

"Aw, you're not," she said, pulling out all the stops of her tantalizing nature. She bit her


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lips, and then slowly let them part. Her eyelids fell into slits. She smiled with a curl to her lips.

"Frieda, you know me too well. I'm only 23. Really."

"But big. I know lots of fellas, but they aren't handsome like you."

Al was confused. The night was hurrying on.

There was only a faint light in his sleeping-cab. But the smell of closeness made up for the light.

"I know lots of men," Frieda drawled. "You know, age doesn't make any difference. It's all a lot of bunk about old men. Men is men. Strong, hairy." Frieda said, for she knew the masculine manner. "Why, I know some men who —."

She never finished the sentence, but her silence was filled with rich memories.

Al smiled. "Gotta get some


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shut-eye now, doll."

"Yeah," she said. "Want me to wake you up at any time?"

"Yeah, that'd be real nice."

"I gotta go back and wait on tables. I'm on the night shift this week, so I'll be in the diner. What time?"

"Just give me 2 hours; that's all I need."

Frieda grinned. Once more she bent over, faintly touching Al's cheek with the fur of earrings. As she was climbing out of the cab, Al felt the hard and pleasant shock of her spike heels on his thigh. He reached out to her. He felt the leather of her coat. But she had slipped away before he could say another word.

He heard her slam the door closed. He put his head back into the soft pillow and grabbed at the furry blanket. He pulled it up over him, and touched his thigh.

His brain was crazy-dizzy with

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new thoughts. Emmy had been walking with him to Philly in the headlights of his truck. Emmy was a winner. Quickly the vision of Emmy, pulling high her legs, asking him to help her off with her high heels, filled his mind.

Then, like a flash, his blood raced wild with the thought of Frieda on the dance floor — her piercing eyes, the burning look, the curled smile on her full, red, wet lips. Frieda crashed through Al's dreams.

Al never had it so good. In a few hours he'd be back on the road, driving by night. Hard on the wheel. His brain would be satisfied with lights leading him on. Bright lights. Emmy's lights. Frieda's lights, colored lights.

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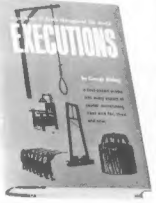


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